

# Maine Farmer

AGRICULTURE. MECHANICAL ARTS. LITERATURE. NEWS, ETC.

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## Maine Farmer.

"Returning from the open glade,  
The mowed vine seek welcome shade,  
Beneath the trees to bask at will,  
Or linger by the sparkling rill."

Some of the new Japanese plums received endorsement at the Western New York horticultural meeting. Professor Bailey considers them the most profitable fruit of recent introduction. They are hardy and the trees are said to be exempt from the black knot.

The Massachusetts Ploughman seems to be in the chicken business. Its public meeting for discussion on Feb. 11th, was "Practical Poultry Culture," and that for the 25th, "Farm Poultry." It must be the intention of our contemporary to "treat the subject exhaustively."

Boston is trying the plan of cremating its garbage. It is delivered into a huge furnace where an intensely hot fire is kept up by being fed with crude petroleum. All kinds of stuff are fed into the furnace, tin cans, bottles and bones, and all disappearing as if by magic, so intense is the heat. About 250 tons a day is the amount collected and consumed.

The butter extractor for which so much was claimed a few years ago has not been mentioned at any of the New England dairymen's meetings held the past winter nor have we seen it noticed in any of the reports of similar meetings elsewhere. Evidently this machine has not yet been so perfected as to bring forth a product satisfactory to the operators.

A new dairy journal has made its advent in the dairy world—The *Practical Dairymen*, published monthly from Chatham, N. Y., J. Wallace Darrow, proprietor and editor, and devoted to the dairy interests of New York and the east. If an exclusive dairy journal is needed certainly it is called for in the east. Every dairymen should welcome all efforts for disseminating a knowledge of the business.

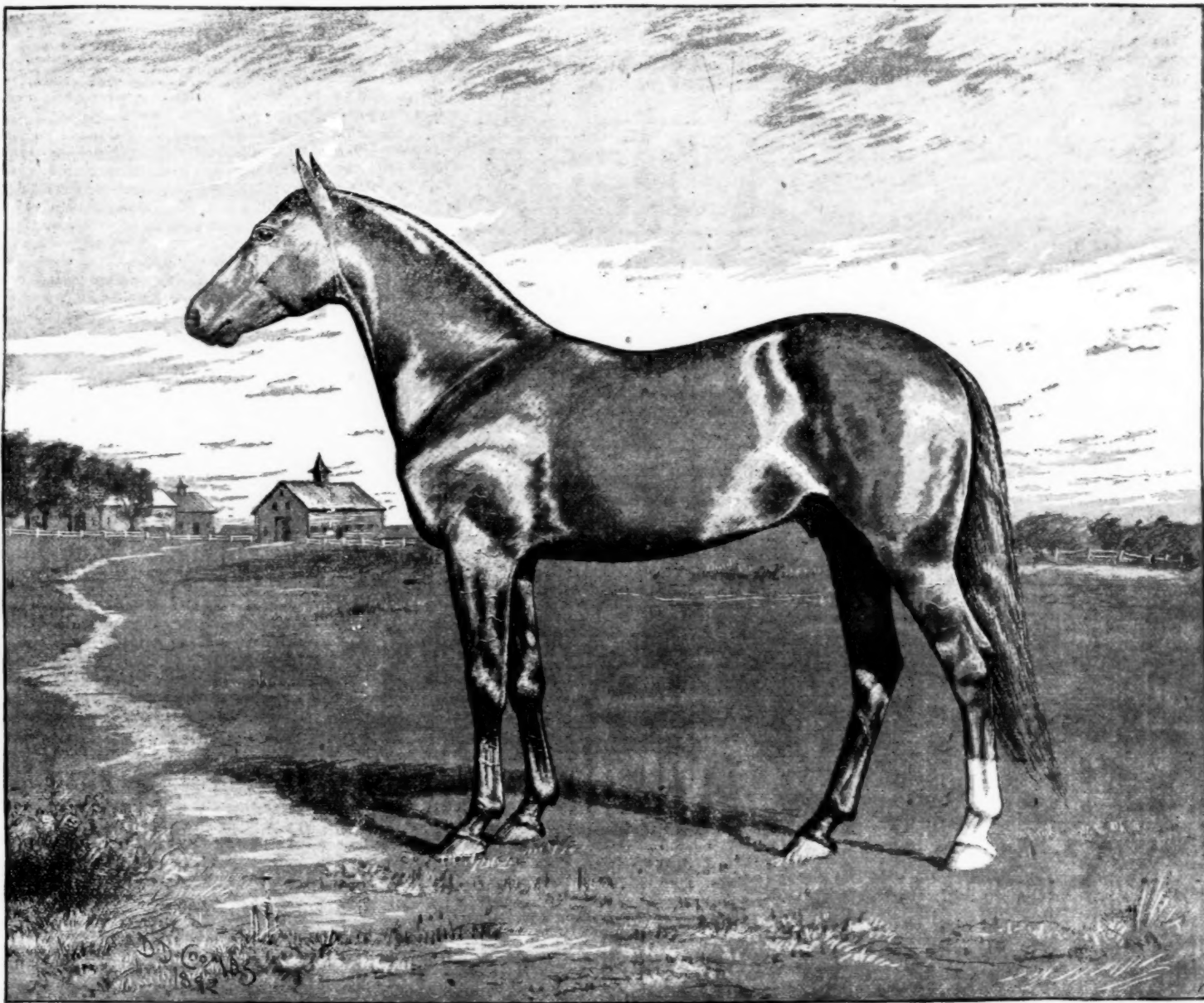
It is a most encouraging feature the farmer members of the New Hampshire legislature have organized themselves together for a purpose of looking after all proposed legislation, with a view to its effects upon the agricultural interests of the State in order that they may act collectively and understandingly in all such matters. A similar organization is also effected in the Connecticut legislature and for a similar purpose. Thus are the farmers learning to look after farmer's interests. The Grange has done it.

We see it stated that Otis Meader of the executive committee of the State Grange is making a tour of the Somerset subordinate Granges, with the view of strengthening them up to more active work. Somerset Patrons are taking care of such work themselves. There is not account in the State where more effective Grange work is done, or where the order is more active than in Somerset. This work of the State Grange is most needed in the weak places. There are sections of the State where the order for some reason is on a decline. There is where work is needed, there is where the efforts of the State Grange should be put in. Strengthen up the weak places, look after the outposts. Hold the membership we now have, and make the work lively, interesting, pleasant and profitable, that all hands will join in it.

Maj. Henry E. Alvord is being pushed forward for the position of Assistant Secretary of Agriculture under the incoming administration. Maj. Alvord is eminently qualified for this position being thoroughly familiar with the agriculture of the country at large in all its phases. He is well known in this State having been connected with the Institute of Agriculture for several years. He formerly filled the chair of Agriculture at the Massachusetts State College, was for several years Director of the Houghton Farm Experiment Station, New York, and later President of the Maryland State College. With a western man for Secretary of Agriculture, it is eminently proper that the Assistant be drawn from the east. It would not be easy to make a better selection.

### THE CORN CROP AND THE SILO.

The very excellent communication from our Somerset county correspondent, "C. E. T.," in the *Farmer* last week, calls for something more than a passing notice. Through intelligent intercourse like that between farmer and farmer much can be learned that may be of incalculable value in conducting the farming operations. And it is just here that the farm paper comes in as an invaluable aid to its readers, filled as it is with just that information the farmer is in need of, and whose contents from week to week make the farmer's life more comfortable and his business better and more profitable. It is not to ride hobbles, not to lead its readers into the meshes of the unknown, the untried and the impracticable, but to lay before them that information that will enable them to understand their business better and bring out of it a more complete success for having read and thoughtfully considered that which is offered in its columns.



WARRENER, BY ELECTIONEER. Owned by B. F. & F. H. Briggs, Auburn, Me.

Our correspondent well says, "I want the facts, not some one's opinion." True, opinions are worth but little unless founded on fact.

It is too late in the day for any one to question the value of corn as a fodder crop. So, too, it is too late for any one to doubt the economy of the silo as a means of preserving the crop and storing for future use. These matters are settled.

Our correspondent says he and his associate farmers cannot understand why milk from ensilage fed cows is all right for making butter, but is rejected at the condensing factory; and it is his "opinion" that "it is some leading man's whim," and he wants facts, not some one's opinion. We will try to let on some of the light of facts upon this apparent contradiction.

In the first place, our correspondent and his associate farmers should be conservative enough to reason that the condensed milk business, involving millions of money in this country alone, is not run on "whims." Ensilage milk would not have been ruled out of all the condensing factories had there not been trouble with the milk. Of course, a company cares not what milk is made of, provided it is suited to their business.

An acid food fed to cows has an effect on the resulting milk. This effect is in proportion to the degree of acidity of the food, and the amount of the same taken by the cow. Milk from a cow that has been fed liberally on, or allowed to drink sour milk, will quickly put on an acid condition. In extreme cases, the acid can be plainly detected while milking. There is also ample evidence that the extremely acid ensilage effects the resulting butter. In several cases at butter exhibitions, the present winter, we have found samples of butter seriously faulty on account of the presence of the characteristic acid-ensilage flavor. At the same exhibitions was butter made from cows fed in part on ensilage from other silos in which no defects from such fodder was observable. The reason for this difference is probably found in the quality of the silo fodder fed.

It is well known that corn ensilage, as found in different silos, varies in its condition widely. We have seen it but slightly changed from its condition when drawn to the barn, and showing the merest touch of acid, while in other cases its odors were so rank and pungent as to be offensive in a high degree. Coming now to the condensed milk business, it is a fact that the condensing factories the country over have ruled out milk made from ensilage fodder, and that at Newport in this State is common with the others. At the same time, there are authenticated cases where milk from cows fed in part on ensilage of the best quality has been taken at the factory and found to be acceptable. But the utter impossibility of a condensing factory making a distinction among farmers, and drawing the line between the ensilage

that in quality and in quantity can be allowed, and that which produces bad milk, makes it necessary to rule that kind of fodder out entirely. It is the only safe course to pursue. Bad milk they cannot handle.

The reason why the bad effects from feeding acid ensilage are more pronounced in the condensed milk business than at the butter factory, is easily understood. In the process of condensing the milk, all flavors and odors inseparably connected with the milk are intensified just in proportion as the milk is reduced in bulk, or condensed. Thus the slightest defect, though not apparent in the whole milk as it comes from the farmer, when intensified by condensation becomes fatal to the product. Hence the opinion that ensilage fodder does not affect milk is an error. Only the purest and most perfect of milk can be used at the condensing factories.

But the Somerset and Penobscot farmers are not necessarily losers by having ensilage milk ruled out of the factory. Their sweet corn fodder can be harvested as advantageously by other methods as through storage in a silo, and will produce a like amount of milk. And so far as the substitution of the corn crop for the grass field goes, it was plainly shown in the *Farmer* of January 20th, and is admitted by our correspondent, that on good grass land the preference of corn over the grass crop, or Hungarian, is small, indeed, even if there is any at all, when the efforts of the farmer are directed to making them a specialty. Farmers hardly realize what they can do with the grass crop when they give it the lead. This in no sense is an argument against the corn crop and the silo. The intent is to show that where the silo is impracticable, or is ruled out, the farmer is not necessarily a loser. In many cases, all things taken into the account, stock fodder can be produced as cheaply in some other forms as with the corn crop.

### STILL MORE WANTED.

The information brought out of late through the several correspondents of the *Farmer* on the characteristic merits of different varieties of apples, seems to be just what is wanted by the many fruit growers who are readers of its columns, and more of the same is called for. This actual experience of men who are in the business of growing fruit, and who thus know whereof they speak—men right around among us, is the best testimony available. Every year there are those among our readers who are going to plant out trees, and they need and are calling for all that is known of varieties both new and old, as regards their merits and their adaptation to the particular locality in which they are to be planted. No other information can be so reliable as that from experienced growers in the locality where fruit is to be grown.

So, send along the experience. There is always room for information valuable

to its readers in the *Farmer*. People need to know what to plant, and what not to plant as well. And though we are now speaking of fruit in particular, yet the same holds true of every other branch of farming. People want information on all farm matters and the most reliable comes from intelligent men who are learners through experience.

### APPLES FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

In addition to the list of apples published last week, the following letters addressed to Mr. A. E. Andrews of Gardiner, of the committee to receive fruit, will explain themselves:

UNION, Jan. 19, 1893.  
Mr. A. E. Andrews, Dear Sir: I send by American Express to-day, two barrels of apples for the Chicago Fair. I am sorry to bother you by sending so late, but was bothered myself, in the first place, by the time limit in which they were to be sent being reduced. The following are the varieties which I send, with the number of specimens of each:

Golden Russet of Western New York, so described and named by Z. A. Gilbert.	50
Name wanted, No. 1.	50
American Golden Pippin.	25
St. Lawrence.	25
No. 2, name wanted, called here Union.	25
St. Lawrence.	25
Yellow Favorite.	50
St. Lawrence.	50
Grimes' Golden Pippin.	15
Fennell's Red Winter.	15
Fallowater.	15
Poughkeepsie Russet.	14
Black Apple or Black Oxford.	42
Name wanted, No. 3.	41
Blue Pearmain.	4
Norfolk.	4
King of the Mountains.	5
King of the Mountains.	5
Fletcher Sweet.	21
Name wanted, No. 4.	21
Fameuse.	30

The following parties contributed: R. B. Robbins, A. J. Young, G. W. Butler, Union; Hon. N. A. Farwell, Rockland; E. D. Gushue, A. P. Gushue, V. C. Keller, Dr. Frank A. Gushue, Appleton, and Yours truly, ALONZO BUTLER.

Under the circumstances I shall not look for pay for the second barrel.

A. B.  
Mr. Andrews: I see that you are appointed to receive apples for the World's Fair. I will send you some as soon as I can get them ready. I have ten or twelve kinds, and will send eight or ten or twelve of a kind, if you want them. I will mark all of them separately, so you can tell them from fall. Please let me know at once how you want them sent, and your card to put on the box; will also send the names of those who send apples in with me, as I have some given me to send into the Fair, and they want their names to go with their apples. Do you pay? Address, M. V. Dudley, Readfield Depot.

Mr. Dudley, under date of Oct. 30th, sends the following list:  
M. V. Dudley of Readfield, 3 kinds of pears, 11 kinds of apples; Gillflowers from J. E. McCormick; 6 Baldwins, 6 Greenings, and 1 spy from David Dudley; 1 C. Dudley, 6 Baldwins; Miss H. Della Porter, 1 Spy, 1 Baldwin, weight 10 oz.; Miss Amy A. Dudley, 7 Mother apples. Miss Emma A. Glidden, 6 Carvers, 2 Boston Baldwins, 2 Bellflowers; Miss Mary Addie, 6 Carvers, 1 Baldwin; Elina Royal, 1 Spy, 1 Baldwin; S. A. Dudley, 13 Oxford, 8 Russian Grapes; Miss Minnie A. Dudley, crab apples; Hiram Gilman, 12 Mt. Vernon Reds, J. T. Sherburne, 13 Baldwins and 3 Greenings.

### A NEW SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

President-elect Cleveland has selected J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska, as his Secretary of Agriculture. He was born in New York State, moved to Michigan when a boy where he received his education and graduated from Ann Arbor. On his marriage he set up in life in Nebraska, homesteading a tract of land near Omaha where his country house still is. He is noted for one of the finest orchards in the state and for a lively interest in forestry. He formerly edited a paper at Nebraska City, but finally became a lawyer having offices and practicing in both Lincoln and Omaha. He is said to be a free trader and a hard money man, always prominent in State politics, uncompromising in his democracy and always refusing to be a party to any fusion with the plans and schemes that have arisen in the politics of that section of the country.

Mr. Morton has great force of character, is a man of marked ability, and having spent his life in the country and in contact with farmers and farming in all phases there seems no reason why he should not make a good record in the position to which he has been called.

### Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

#### "DOES FARMING PAY?"

BY "SLOCUM."

A little light has been thrown upon this much discussed and important query by the recent disclosure of the affairs of the *Mechanics' Savings Bank* at Auburn. The ill-timed and very foolish run made upon the bank forced an enquiry and a subsequent "scale down." Of course this caused quite a stir and anxious solicitude on the part of depositors in the back "rural districts," and brought to light the great number of unknown and hitherto unsuspected depositors. Why, lots of plain, modest farmers, their wives, sons and daughters, were suddenly found out to be interested depositors. Some, who were probably numbered among the "poor, oppressed burden bearers," were suddenly found to have several hundred dollars on deposit. Probably the city dude or the fashionably dressed village loafer little thought when they made comments on that old farmer's boots and ragged coat, as he passed along with another \$100 to deposit, that he was worth enough to buy out their whole band of useless confederates and have a trifle left to hire mourners and pay funeral expenses for them when their useless life is ended. But to come directly to the question at issue, "does farming pay?" we may ask, if it does not, how is it that so many have been enabled to possess good, comfortable homes, fine stock, and many of the luxuries even of the present enlightened age?

Let those who can distinctly remember the condition of our farmers generally half a century ago, contrast that condition with the present time. Why, then how many farmers' homes contained, as they do now, fine organs, sewing machines, costly carpets, pictures, elegantly bound books, magazines, daily papers, and a nice stock of furniture, wearing apparel, &c.? How many could then afford a pleasure trip to the city, or even a 25 cent evening's entertainment?

How many could then set out a table for themselves, or invited guests, with the costly ware and luxurious food found upon the table to-day? What did a farmer's trip to the city then mean? Simply stated, from this standpoint, it meant three days upon the road between here and Portland, Hallowell or Augusta, as the case might be, with the old farm wagon, or pung, attached to the old mare, laden down with about half a ton's weight of butter, cheese, pork, beans, eggs, &c., with sufficient hay and oats for the old mare, and doughnuts, pie and brown bread for the driver for the trip. Arriving at the city were these articles readily exchanged for hard cash and deposited in the bank? Not much. They usually were exchanged for the goods imperatively demanded at home, such as salt, molasses, nails, glass, a bar of steel and iron to take back with which to shoe the old mare and the oxen in the working season. Then if the funds would permit, a pound of tea and a half dozen pounds of sugar, a pound of raisins, and sometimes a little fluid extract was added, to be carefully kept for great occasions, when the minister or some distinguished guest might be expected. Happy indeed was the patient wife, or eager children, if the trip was successful enough to afford a new print dress, apron, or picture book. Even if in exchange for the products of the soil a few precious, glittering dollars were obtained, they were brought home, shown to the children, and then paid to the tax collector, minister or doctor, or, if more fortunate, treasured up in that home institution for savings—the woman's stock. This bank, however, declared no dividend nor scale down.

If our farmers would live as cheaply as then, and put up with as many inconveniences and self-denials as then, how much more might be saved annually. But this is not called for nor desired. We live in the present, not in the past; yet the past has its useful lessons, and when we are disposed to grumble and complain of our lot, it may be wise to pause, reflect and contrast. We think of obvious to any candid person that can recall the events of even forty years ago, that our farmers are much better off financially and intellectually now, and that the outlook is decidedly encouraging. When we, as humble tillers of the soil, shall learn to depend more upon the soil for our comfort and success, and less upon Western products, our prospects will brighten.

For the Maine Farmer.

#### THE APPLE QUESTION.

BY SUBSCRIBER.

I have been very much interested in the apple question. I have had some experience in raising apples. I have yet to find an apple that has no faults—Baldwin trees, tender and short lived; Spy, tardy in coming into bearing; King, pause, reflect and contrast. We think of obvious to any candid person that can recall the events of even forty years ago, that our farmers are much better off financially and intellectually now, and that the outlook is decidedly encouraging. When we, as humble tillers of the soil, shall learn to depend more upon the soil for our comfort and success, and less upon Western products, our prospects will brighten.

interested in the Milding. Will some one who raises it answer the following: 1st, how late will it keep? 2d, how late in winter will it do to ship across the water? 3d, is it profitable to raise as a shipping apple? Why I ask these questions, I want to set 100 more trees, and I want to set some that I shall not have to re-graft. If the Baldwin tree were as hardy as Ben Davis or Mann, I would set that, but it is throwing time and money away setting them grafted at the ground. Those who are going to graft Baldwins next spring, and have not cut scions, and put them to bed and a soapstone to their feet, must be careful, for they have laid cold this winter. You see I am disgusted with Baldwin trees. I have over 100; raised 50 barrels of nice Baldwins last fall. I lose a great many trees.

China.

For the Maine Farmer.

#### MORE ABOUT APPLES.

BY S. RICHARDSON.

I say again, as I have said before, I don't see how I can get along without the *Farmer*. Fruit growers who take the *Farmer* have got interested, perhaps I may say excited, to know the real merits, color and keeping qualities of the fruit lately introduced by tree agents. Now, I will give just what I do know, or have proved. I will begin, with Rev. C. M. Herring, Brunswick, with the McIntosh Red. It scabbs worse than the Fameuse. If you have high, rocky, Baldwin land, the McIntosh Red grows very large, smooth, all red—the handsomest apple I ever saw. But on low, sandy soil, Fameuse and McIntosh Red scab badly. I cannot settle on one kind in a dozen to graft into them. The Milding, I think, is a valuable apple tree to graft on trees on sandy land, where Baldwins winterkill. I have proved this. Jewett's Fine Red with us here is the Nodhead.

Class Brothers' agent stopped with me two or three hours yesterday. He recommended the Wolf River apple. The plate was very handsome, large, nearly all red; resembled the King. He showed me the plate of the Tetofsky, large, nearly all red. I think it was marked winter.

The Stark apple I have no real knowledge of, but the Canada Baldwin is rather small, dark russet red, a very good eating apple. In May and June, where I have been grafting I have seen the Milding with a crop of apples on it, but I did not notice that they grew in clusters. My Wealthys pay best on low, sandy soil. The Ben Davis, best on high, hilly land. The Wealthy is a little too short lived. The Ben Davis lives too long.

Now, brother fruit growers we will have to go slow: one tree of a kind is all I want till I prove the fruit. Will some of the numerous readers of the *Farmer* tell me what the Canada Pomme is? Is it the Pomme Grisse or the Canada Baldwin? Can any one tell us about the Peerless of Minnesota, keeping, color and quality?

Canada.

For the Maine Farmer.

#### RAISING TURKEYS.

BY C. E. SMITH.

I saw in one of our leading papers a statement that farmers would raise turkeys. Such is not the fact. Maine farmers will raise anything they can that will pay. The trouble is they cannot raise them. I know farmers who try, and give much thought and care to the business, and yet lose a large per cent. of their turkeys. I have known some who, though they made every effort to succeed, yet lost from 100 to 200 birds. Now such results are discouraging, and not many will persist in such an undertaking.

The great trouble is the turkey cholera. If we can only overcome the ravages of the disease we can make money raising turkeys. I have lost half of the birds that hatched (some of them most full grown) and yet made a good profit. So if one could raise most of them it is a good paying business. I have tried various remedies, and have succeeded with giving Herrick's pills as well as with any other, but all remedies are more apt to fail than to cure. The man who finds a sure remedy for this disease is sure of a fortune. Every turkey raiser knows the disease without my describing it. The fowl refusing to eat, makes it more difficult to administer some time, but their intense thirst makes it easy to give the carbolic acid mixture, which is as good as anything we know of. Add a teaspoonful of liquid carbolic acid to three pints of water, and put the birds where they can get no other drink. Poison? Yes, but not so poisonous as the cholera, and easily given, and gives as good results. If they improve, reduce the carbolic acid by mixing a teaspoonful to a gallon of water. As the appetite returns, add a teaspoonful of spirits of camphor and extract of ginger to a gallon of water, add also a tablespoonful of citrate of iron. Give no meal; a very fat turkey is about sure to die.

J. Nichols says he has no trouble with cholera since he has given one teaspoonful of powdered blood root in a cup of boiling water. Give a teaspoonful of the mixture three times a day. He says he has had no cholera since he has practiced putting a little of the powder in their food occasionally.

If we could ward off this disease, we could raise hundreds of thousands of turkeys in Maine more than we do. And here is a good work for our Experiment Station. If the veterinarian will give a year's time to this subject and succeed in finding a cure, it will be the best year's work ever done by any State in this country.

Boothbay.

For the Maine Farmer.

#### ANOTHER REMEDY FOR WARTS.

BY L. F. ARBUTT.

Mr. Editor: I saw the inquiry in the *Farmer* two weeks ago regarding warts, and then thought I would give my remedy, but neglected till I saw Mr. Jackson's remedy in the last *Farmer*. For the long pendulous warts which frequently grow in more or less numbers upon cow's teats two or four applications of castor oil will cause them to entirely disappear.

Leiston.



# Maine Farmer.

## FAIRS TO OCCUR.

Baldwin and Sebago Lake View Association—At East Sebago, Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st.  
Barnes Agricultural Society—At Bethel, Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st.  
Buxton and Hollis Agricultural Society—At Buxton, Sept. 5th, 6th and 7th.  
Cumberland Farmers' Club—August 22d, 23d and 24th.  
Durham Agricultural Society—At Durham, Sept. 25th and 27th.  
Gray Park Association—At Gray, Aug. 29th, 30th and 31st.  
Maine State Agricultural Society—At Lewiston, Sept. 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th.  
North Cumberland Agricultural Society—At Harrison, Sept. 20th, 27th and 28th.  
Ossipee Valley Fair Association—At Cornish, August 25th, 26th and 27th.  
South Kennebec Agricultural Society—At South Windsor, Sept. 10th, 19th and 21st.  
Sagadahoc Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Topsham, Oct. 10th, 11th and 12th.  
Waldo County Agricultural Society—Sept. 20th and 21st.

[Will the Secretaries of other societies see to it that they have the dates of their exhibitions as soon as they are fixed upon?]

## COLD STORAGE.

[A Paper by R. A. Moore of Kensington, read at the Annual Meeting of the Connecticut Pomological Society at Hartford, Conn., Jan. 24, 1892.]

Within the past few years certain writers, most of them I judge from their articles with little or no experience in the matter, have advised farmers to build either independent or co-operative cold storage or retarding houses for the preservation of fruits or other products of the farm, thereby giving them greater uniformity of prices or holding for later and advancing ones. It is the purpose of this paper to give my experience in constructing and using such a house, together with such conclusions as this experience seems to justify.

The control of this house is by a sort of independent and mutual partnership, there being two joint and equal owners, each being independent so far as the use of his own half of the storage room is concerned, but having a common interest and obligation in ice storing, repairs and the like.

The building fitted up for this purpose was a part of an unused factory. After examining various cold storage houses in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, we decided upon a plan which is a modified form of some of the smaller refrigerators of Armour & Co. and is as follows:

The room when torn out and ready for fitting up was about 30 ft. square and 19 ft. high. The outside covering roof, and upper floor was all that we left of the building. The walls upon the four sides of the room both for the ice chamber and storage room were made as follows: First the building was sheathed up on all sides, then a two inch air space, carefully lined on both sides with suitable building paper; next a space of six inches was filled with dry sawdust, then another air space, finishing off the inside with clear matched spruce. This gave us a wall 16 inches in thickness with four courses of sheathing besides the outer or old one and four linings of paper.

The foundation for the floor was made of broken stone upon which was laid a first or lower floor, then a lining of paper, next a foot of sawdust, in which was placed the sleepers; upon these was laid the second or upper floor of narrow yellow pine. This left us a clear room of 27 ft. square and 19 ft. high. Next we placed a suitable number of ten inch timbers upon which rested the joists, 3 inches thick, 12 inches deep and 15 inches apart. All of this timber was of white oak.

Upon these joists was laid a floor of wood with an incline of 4 inches and covered with galvanized iron carefully soldered. At the lower side of the incline was a galvanized iron trough running the entire length of the room to catch and carry off the drip from the ice to a trapped pipe, which conveyed it outside of the building.

This floor is capable of sustaining a weight of several hundred tons.

Upon the east and west sides the floor joins the walls, but upon the north and south sides open spaces were left the entire length of the room; the one upon the north side being 10 inches wide and the one upon the south side being 16 inches wide, giving a free circulation of air between the ice chamber and the storage room. A sheathing 3 ft. high is made inside the wider opening, but none at the narrower one.

This gives the circulation as follows: The warmer air from below passes up the wide opening over the ice and being cooled falls through the narrow opening to the room below, and thus equalizes the temperature in the two rooms when any change of temperature occurs.

We had now two rooms 27 ft. square, the upper or ice chamber being 9 ft. and the lower or storage room 7 ft., or high enough to admit three tiers of barrels on end. The ice chamber holds 180 tons of ice which is not sufficient to carry us through all seasons. The capacity of the lower room is five thousand cubic ft. or 650 bbls. There is one door in each apartment but no window in either.

The cost of storing the ice is from 15 to 20 cents per ton. There is no covering on the ice but a foot of sawdust on the floor above.

With a full supply of ice we are able to keep the temperature at about 36, which is as low as natural ice will cool it without the use of salt although there are records of 33 for a limited time, which is only two degrees above the melting point. We have never been able to discover any serious fault in the construction of the house except that the ice chamber would be better 12 ft. in height holding 200 to 250 tons of ice, but under the circumstances was impracticable.

More than 20,000 ft. of lumber was used in fitting it up. The entire cost was \$1165. There was considerable excavation and wall building which added considerably to the expense.

A cold storage house designed for fruit alone could be built for less money. Our principal experience has been with apples, though other fruit and also vegetables have been tried in a small way, but on the whole without very satisfactory results. Some varieties of pears keep well, while others do not, the russet varieties as a rule being the poorest. There is only a limited sale for pears in

small cities, other varieties ripening and taking their place.

Such a cold storage as ours is not suitable for grapes. Peaches are not good keepers and oranges and lemons have not proved a success. Onions are objectionable in a cold storage room and commence to sprout at the usual time. Potatoes while not sprouting are unfit for eating when taken out, but will become so after remaining in a dry place for a week or two. It might be utilized in saving seed for late planting. Butter would be fairly profitable if the surplus June stock from the creameries could be bought for 18 cents or less, but 20 cents is a low price in this vicinity, though their surplus is frequently sent to the large cities to be sold on commission, the net price not being more than 16 to 17 cents per pound, which is as high as the New York and Vermont packing houses pay.

With apples we have had varying success, depending largely upon varieties, and also upon the condition when put in and upon some other causes not well understood as yet. About the first thing we learned was that we could not put in a poor article and take out a good one, but might easily reverse this order.

The following is a partial list of the varieties tried, with the results. Greenings, if kept too late, scald or cloud as it is called, yet have been in rare instances this variety kept until May in perfect condition. As a rule, they should not be kept longer than March 1st. I have never made any money on Greenings. Baldwins have the same faults, but in a less degree, and should be sold in April, though I have had them in good condition as late as the last of June.

Peck Pleasantons could beautifully, but are liable to grow soft or mealy and crack open, and are not to be recommended. The second year I put in a few barrels of Kings. Almost every apple came out perfect in May, and for which I received the highest price. In the fall of 1891 I put in ten barrels of this variety, and upon opening them the last of May there was not a barrel of sound fruit in the whole ten. A part had decayed and the others had badly scalded. They were somewhat deficient in color when put in.

Ben Davis if kept too late are inclined to soften, but are beautiful in color, and when hard and sound, bring a high price. Northern Spies I have had little experience with, but so far, they have decayed rather badly, but free from other defects. Roxbury Russets and Fallwines are the only two varieties which have always yielded a fair profit, though as the latter has to sell on its good looks it is in less demand where well known than formerly.

Both of these two varieties have to be kept late, as almost every market will refuse them if other apples can be obtained. Baldwins and Spies being the favorite.

I usually sell from the first of May until the middle of June, or later. Sometimes an abundance of strawberries affects sales very quickly. Last year on the 18th of June I sold at \$4 per barrel, but on the 21st they had fallen to half that price, and even less.

The average shrinkage for five varieties in 1887, one of the best years, was 26 per cent. This included decay, re-softening and re-packing. The average for all the years has been considerably greater than this.

The late apple market has greatly changed in the past few years; formerly the price would advance to double or more in April over October prices. Now the price is very likely to be as low or lower in midwinter or early spring than in the fall. Last year apples were cheaper in December than in October, and had not advanced much by the end of winter. In the year 1887 apples were \$1.25 to \$1.50 per barrel in the fall, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 at the opening of spring, and many in Massachusetts were made into cider.

This change has been brought about by the increase in orchards and better care of them. The great quantities of fruit from the tropics, more especially bananas, shipped at all seasons of the year, the orange crop from Florida, the great abundance of early strawberries from the South, the canned fruit from the Pacific coast and the East, the evaporated fruit industry, the prolonged season of grapes, and the immense cold storage buildings erected in the large cities, some of them with a capacity of 20,000 barrels for apples alone, also the erection of numerous smaller ones scattered over the fruit districts—these causes, and perhaps others, have changed the outlook for high prices on cold storage fruit. Although the population has increased rapidly, the foreign part of it is not a large consumer of apples, and I apprehend that the present generation, American born, is not so eager for this fruit as former ones. All the causes mentioned have arisen in my day, and most of them in the last few years. I doubt if a single bunch of bananas could have been found in the State forty years ago at any season. These competing foreign fruits have also been getting cheaper in price within the last five years, of course affecting the price of our domestic fruits.

The apple crop is liable to fail once in two or three years, or the price be too high to justify the filling of the room, and so a loss on the investment occurs. Still if four or five intelligent and peaceable neighbors are willing to join in building a cold storage house with a capacity of not less than 800 to 1000 barrels, at a cost of not more than twelve or fifteen hundred dollars, the same being equally accessible to all, and in which can be stored 200 to 250 tons of ice at a cost not exceeding 30 to 35 cents per ton, and having suitable produce for storing, also having good and sufficient rules for the conduct of the business, then most likely a fair return for the investment may be expected. But I can easily see how there might be a good deal of friction even among well disposed and well intentioned people, and a chance for a large amount of "forbearance" in the interests of harmony and good fellowship. Some one would incline to neglect his share of the general burden, or be careless about closing doors, make too frequent use of the room, trespass upon

another's part, put in objectionable stuff, or fail to remove offensive matter, or there would be too many keys with children as users, and a dozen other petty annoyances which rules however strong and well made might fail to cure, for, mind you, that is a pretty close and intimate association, and I think few persons like partnerships of this character.

If this paper has not proved as favorable to the building of cold storage houses as you expected, you must charge it to the facts which experience has taught me. I have intended to give you only the "frozen truth."

## HE COULD NAME THEM ALL.

How a Young American "Called Down" Some German Officers.

A good story is told in Washington, by one of his friends in the consular service, of the way in which Albert H. Washburn, the United States Commercial Agent at Magdeburg, and a friend of Senator-elect Lodge, "called down" the Germans.

He was at a dinner party with Consul-General Edwards of Berlin, Henry F. Merritt, then Consul at Chemnitz, and several other Americans and prominent German officials.

Merritt was the first one of the Americans attacked with a taunt from one of the Germans that he could not give the names of the Presidents of the United States.

Merritt named them over with some deliberation, and drew from his German friend the declaration that he did not believe that there was another American present who could do it. Young Washburn had said nothing until now, but he broke in and declared, "I can do it, and I will give you the Vice Presidents."

He was about to begin, when a second thought struck him, and he said: "While I am about it I might as well give you the Secretaries of State, too."

The Germans got down a book giving the names, and kept tab on the young man as he correctly went through the list. They were pretty well backed down already, but Washburn had no idea of letting them off so easily.

"Now I would like to know," he said, "whether any of you can give the names of the Prussian rulers from the time of Charlemagne and his sons down to the Emperor William."

The Germans were completely floored. Not one of them could go half through the list, and they were on the point of apologizing to the young Massachusetts scholar, when he took them down still more by modestly suggesting:

"Perhaps I had better do it for you."

He began with Charlemagne and went through the list without a break, much to the astonishment of his German hosts and the delight of Consul Edwards and the other Americans.

"How did you do it?" asked Merritt, when the party was breaking up.

"Oh, my father had a taste for such things, and taught them to me when I was a boy, and you see they are sometimes useful to know," he quietly replied.

## CABBAGE A FODDER CROP.

"Forty tons of Drumhead cabbage green to the acre," and of about the "same nutritive value as corn fodder ensilage." This is twice as much to the acre as a good corn crop, twice as much as the best hay crops or of Hungarian grass. And it is a crop that can be fed from the field without cost of storage. Freezing does no injury to it. It can stand in the field without becoming over ripe like grass, grain and corn, and to a later date than any other fodder crop. These are characteristics that may well commend the crop to the attention of stock feeders. Our Canadian neighbors are recommending rape as a valuable crop for green feeding. Is not the cabbage a better crop and thus more worthy of attention than the rape?

This matter of providing valuable feed from the farm for stock has received far too little attention among our farmers, save in the stereotyped line of hay, corn and grain so long followed as the exclusive crops produced for this purpose. It would be well to give intelligent consideration to the question whether other crops may not be introduced to advantage to a greater extent than has hitherto been done. In the added list the cabbage may well come in for consideration. We believe it worthy of more attention, especially with those who are farming on the intensive plan.

## OLD PASTURES FOR ORCHARDS.

John F. Stevens of North Fayette has 600 young apple trees set on eight acres of old pasture land. Before the trees were planted this rocky land was rough and overgrown by brambles and bushes. It produced but little feed.

Mr. Stevens broke up this land with the plow and let it lie fallow a year or two. Then he removed many of the surface rocks, sowed grain and seeded down to grass. Meanwhile he was setting out these tracts each spring with apple trees from New York nurseries. The first lots were put out from 15 to 20 years ago and some were set last year. One orchard of 200 trees has yielded large crops for several years, sometimes \$100 worth in a year. But few trees have died out of the entire number transplanted. The orchards have a bright, clean and thrifty appearance and the trees have made a good growth. The majority of them are set on the western slope of a hill. But few borer holes have been found in them.

The point proved by this piece is that old pastures are adapted to orchards. From values as pastures there is scarcely any value received. Set out with fruit trees and properly cared for their worth increases year by year. Many farmers are cognizant of this fact in their own experience or observation.

Mr. Stevens has demonstrated by actual test that the best way to utilize old pastures is to transform them into orchards.

Thoroughbred stock of most kinds costs no more than scrubs, and is just as cheap to keep. But it takes a thoroughbred farmer to keep any kind of stock from becoming "scrub."—Omaha Stockman.

Lane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each Day. In order to be healthy this is necessary.

## Communications.

### For the Maine Farmer.

#### EXPERIENCES OF A VETERAN—NO. I.

BY WM. A. WOOD.

[Editor Farmer: At a reunion of the 19th Maine Veteran Association, held at Richmond, Aug. 25th, 1891, I was honored by the appointment of historian for the then ensuing year. As such it was expected I would collect a few items and submit them as a part of the exercises of the organization at its meeting held at Norridgewock on the 25th of last August. It so happened it was not convenient for me to attend. In lieu of my reporting in person I forwarded a communication, which, however, did not arrive until the closing exercises were well under way, and it was considered inexpedient to present the same. The thought has occurred to me since, that perhaps, through the courtesy of some journal, I might reach some few of my comrades with an occasional article, embodying the communication which failed to reach them, with such other additions of an historical nature as may occur from time to time, and I take the liberty to forward herewith my first contribution.]

Having announced that I would contribute a few army reminiscences for the broad columns of the Farmer occasionally, I will now sound the reveille and endeavor to awaken the slumbering past, call into line a few thoughts and events, for this my first record forward in this direction. I will first record the wish that it be understood at the beginning that my aim will be to state only facts, and to avoid exaggeration, and should any of my old comrades chance to peruse what I most respectfully tender, they should, in all cases where statements appear to run counter to their own views, consider that what I write is all from memory, covering a period from twenty-seven to thirty years, and all from my own standpoint. And now, as I approach the subject of my army life, the thought suggests itself, and it seems reasonably true, that of all the men who constituted the gallant 19th Regiment Maine (Inf'ty) Volunteers, who went into rendezvous at Bath one thousand strong, but few of that number had providentially received the lesson best calculated to fortify courage up to the enlistment point, and I must have been of that number. Had I always lived in my Maine home prior to the war, it is possible I might have remained a civilian during the struggle for the Union, and with the loyal majority at home watched the movements of our forces from the columns of the press, praying for their ultimate success. A word of explanation just here may not be amiss.

In the summer of 1859 I left my home in Bowdoinham and went to live with an uncle, M. Eldridge, Esq., in Alexandria, Va. Thus at the age of sixteen I was introduced to border Southern society and the system of slavery, and during the "John Brown" excitement I was in a good situation to see and take in the Southern view of that abortive and impracticable attempt to free the slaves. My uncle was a Northern man, formerly from Massachusetts, doing business in Alexandria, accommodating himself to Southern society, studiously avoiding expressing sentiments that could be construed as hostile to Southern institutions. In fact, several years' association with Southern surroundings doubtless had a modifying effect upon views acquired at the North; it would be natural. But as it may have been, out of love and esteem for him for all that he had in mind and heart to do for me, I will simply state at this late date that I am not authorized to give a political rating to ideas then entertained by him. However, of one thing I felt sure of then, viz., that the idea of living like Romans while in Rome was a very good rule to follow, and it would have been quite natural, and conducive to peace, for Northern men doing business in that latitude to generally conform to the same. I, myself, was not long in finding this out. My first striking lesson was from the stavedore of the firm. He owned slaves, and often during press of business he hired. He remarked to me one day while on the wharf where the work of discharging grain from a vessel was going on, in substance as follows:

"Well, they tell me you are a Yankee."

"Yes, sir, I am."

"I suppose if you had your way you would set these fellows all free," he observed.

I replied readily: "Yes, sir, I think I would."

"Well," said he, "you must keep such thoughts to yourself; if overheard by some round here they would pitch you into the dock."

When the news flashed upon the public that "Harper's Ferry, Va.," had been captured by one John Brown, and that an attempt had been made to free the slaves, anti-slavery ideas were never more out of order south of the Potomac. If mum had been the word before, doubly so or dumb was certainly required then. The whites began to arm, as a precautionary move—fears were expressed that there was danger of a negro insurrection. Uncle E., like many others, thought it best to get ready for inspection of arms, and directed me to take his revolver down to the gunsmiths for examination. It was considered quite a formidable weapon at that day—a self-cocking, revolving cylinder of six barrels. I presented the same to the smith, who, it appeared, considered it empty, judging from general appearances, and began to pull, and the thing to snap, according to the laws of its mechanism.

Doubtless there are those who believe that a person never dies until his time has come. At this time belonged to the 2nd Presbyterian church, and had listened to many a forcible sermon on the doctrine of foreordination and predestination. To such as believe the doctrine, my being now engaged in reviewing the past is easily accounted for, for the smith had not kept up the snapping long when there followed a flash and stunning report, as the rust-embedded charge sped by me, to find a lodgment among his wares for sale displayed on shelves along the opposite wall. My first escape from the deadly effect of firearms is associated with a picture framed in memory of a smith, with wild, surprised look, holding

a smoking revolver in hand, looking upon a startled, unscathed youth, destined in the then near future to wear the Union uniform, and stand amid reeling, falling comrades, facing the deadly mine and bursting bomb, as the Federal hosts moved grandly, gradually on to ultimate triumph over an insurrection aimed for the perpetuation of a crime seeking for National recognition which heaven had already decreed should fail.

Bowdoinham.

### For the Maine Farmer.

#### SOME CRITICISMS, AND SOME OTHER THINGS.

BY E. C. MILLIKEN.

The easiest thing in the world is fault-finding. Being "hailed up" with rheumatism, and feeling "cross as a bear," I take occasion to "go for" somebody through the columns of the Farmer, (if this should ever get there). While wrestling with the aforementioned foe to mankind in general, and farmers in particular, the last copy (Feb. 10th) of the old Maine Farmer came to hand, and my eye at once caught the caption, "Farmers' Institute at Turner." Now, thinks I, here is business. A farmers' institute, held by the Maine Board of Agriculture, composed of the leading agriculturists of the State, and representing the interest which Maine as a State takes in her principal industry. These men, with such other expert talent as may be necessary, meet the dairymen of Turner Centre, that "Mecca" towards which the eyes of Maine dairymen are turned, it standing so far in advance of any other locality in Maine in this line.

Now we stay-at-homes, through the columns of our paper, will get ideas and information worth very many of the good dollars we so cheerfully pay for these privileges. Then we read all about it. And, well—I sort of boiled over. We found that a gentleman took the forenoon to tell that he once fed three pigs eight days, and they paid him 5 cts. per qt. for skim milk, at least the reporter makes him say so, and he goes on to say that calves will pay better than that. Well, I thought, now he means to tell us how to raise calves, but he evidently didn't think that a matter worth mentioning further. And, in reply to queries, he says he don't think it will work well to feed skim milk to cows, though he don't know anything about it, and says that shorts will not make butter fat, and gluten meal will not make as good butter, and I could not help wondering how much he knew about these points.

The afternoon was taken up with a lecture, which, at a proper time and a proper place, and with a proper title, would have been very proper, and I think a proper title would be, "Hints to school-marks"—and then, as there was nothing else to do, the good people were sent home.

It is with feelings of deepest gratitude that I read that a sumptuous dinner was served, else we must consider that those dairymen were badly "skunked," and while that meeting cost the State and the farmers attending it, several hundred dollars at least, if any one present got information worth, at a fair valuation, over 15 cts., he must have got some points which the Farmer reporter lost.

But it is not solely for the purpose of fault-finding that this oblongation is written. I have a deep interest in farming, and especially in dairying, and I have hopes to live to see the day when our good old State of Maine may take her proper place as regards this industry, and to bring this about, we need discussion and instruction and a general waking up. We need as much as is possible to get some faith in the business. Reading the report referred to, reminded me of a remark made, a short time ago, by a gentleman who has had unusual opportunities for being thoroughly posted in dairy matters in Vermont and in New York, as well as in Illinois and Iowa, and who had been traveling in Maine, somewhat. Said he: "You have the chance, the soil, the markets, etc., but your dairymen are just about fifty years behind the times." And I couldn't help but think that if the Farmer gave a fair report of that meeting, his remark must be true in regard to Farmers' Institutes, if nothing more.

Another point of interest to dairymen, and which, it seems to me, would come within the province of our State paper, the Farmer, to show up, is whether the dairymen of a small town, near Portland, who were induced last year to put \$7,500 in cold cash into the hands of a certain Western firm to fit up a creamery, were or were not swindled out of the larger part of the said sum. Also, whether the same scheme is now being worked by the same parties in other parts of the State.

We must give the Farmer due credit for the very sound advice it gave the farmers in regard to this same matter last spring, but in the light of subsequent developments, it seems as though the whole matter ought to be set very plainly before the dairymen of the State, for I know of nothing which could more retard the progress of associated dairying, or do more permanent injury to the dairy interests of the State, than this needless expenditure of money, and it is very much to our discredit that such "rackets" are successfully "worked" here.

Now, then, if the dairymen of Maine will take hold and contribute to the Farmer, as they have so often been invited to do, and ask questions, if nothing more, we shall be in the line of advancement, and perhaps we will find out if cotton seed will make a cow give fatter milk than shorts, and if skim milk is good feed for milk cows, and if there is any exhaustion of the manure used to grow a crop of corn, and what breed of calves will pay more for skim milk than hogs, at 10 cts. per lb., etc., etc. But I am pumped out, so will stop.

West Scarborough.

### For the Maine Farmer.

#### GOOD STOCK.

E. C. Jewell, Whitefield, has a Hereford bull calf, a good one in color and shape, that measures 5 ft., 5 in. at 11 months old. He also has a pair of nice Hereford grade 4-year-old oxen, raised on the farm, that measures 7 feet in the line.

W. H. Hanson, Jefferson, has a bull

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

calves 10 months old, Holstein grade, a good one, that measures 5 ft., 1 in. in the line, only in just good, growing condition.

### For the Maine Farmer.

#### WINSOME WINNEGANCE.

Written up as a Summer Resort—Its Resources, History, Attractions and Advantages.

BY G. T. STORER.

As the hot weather approaches, people of wealth, education, and culture, are inquiring in regard to some new and charming retreat, where they can enjoy a few weeks free from the noise and bustle of city life.

To such, we wish to say that Winnegance possesses more natural attractions than many of the celebrated watering-places in New England. The village proper numbers only 70 dwelling houses, 2 school houses, a fine church edifice, erected by the Free Will Baptist Society, in 1864, 2 stores, a blacksmith shop, cooperage factory, post office, public hall for religious or social entertainment, and 2 shipyards, in which many fine vessels have been built. The village is divided by the Winnegance Creek, representing the towns of Bath and Phippsburg, connected by a bridge, 487 feet long. About 60 rods north of the bridge a dam was built in 1837, and eleven mills were erected in 1838-9. Three of these mills a few years later were destroyed by fire, and were never rebuilt, and the vacant lots are used for piling lumber. Several years prior to 1837 a dam was constructed on the opposite of Tember Island, 80 rods east of the dam just described, and 2 other mills were erected the same year, since which time millions of feet of lumber have been manufactured here, giving employment to scores of men and boys, and a hundred or more vessels are loaded during each season. The creek, which is about two miles long, is unquestionably one of the best fishing grounds in the United States, whose serpentine course is through fertile villages, green fields and wooded hills.

The tourist, at the head of the creek, leaves his boat, crosses the famous Indian Carrying Place, which is about three-fourths of a mile wide. Suddenly the whole aspect of the country is changed, as if by magic, and the astonished, yet delighted tourist, is looking no longer upon the familiar scenes of Winnegance, but upon the blue waters of Casco Bay, spread out like a mirror at his feet. Its broad bosom is dotted with vessels of every description, from the mighty ocean steamer down to the little pleasure yacht. Even the very ground upon which he stands is associated with some of the most exciting events in the early history of our country, a brief account of which may be of interest to the readers of the Farmer.

Phippsburg is nearly an island, and connects land only between Winnegance Creek and Casco Bay, thus forming an isthmus, across which the red skins carried their canoes in their wanderings to and from the Kennebec. Many times have the pale face settlements been started from their slumbers by the blood-curdling war whoop, as it rang out upon the stillness of the night air.

This narrow neck of land was also the headquarters where the savages manufactured their stone implements long years before the advent of white men to these picturesque shores. In fact it is one of the most beautiful and interesting spots in Maine, which fact is becoming more apparent as each succeeding year adds antiquity and charm to the place.

Last summer hundreds of people from widely separated sections of the United States were tenting here, and all were enthusiastic in praising the loveliness of its scenery and the salubrity of the climate. Its facilities for boating, bathing, swimming and fishing are unsurpassed in New England. It is said there are as many islands in Casco Bay as there are stars in the sky.

Whether this be true or false the writer is unable to say, but one thing is sure, many islands are seen from this delightful retreat, presenting a picture of exceptional beauty, not equaled even in the Old World. Several of these islands have been purchased during the past year, on which fine cottages were built, thus adding other attractive features to this earthly paradise.

### For the Maine Farmer.

#### HENS AND EGGS.

BY W. H. VINTON.

Mr. Editor: My wife is much interested in her hens, and in addition to priding herself upon the special care of her flock, she is a great reader upon the subject. She reads everything there is in the Farmer on that subject, because, as she says, this is home production. So of course she read the communication of Mr. Hayden in the last issue. There is one paragraph in the article which bothers her very much—so much so that she wishes me to write and ask him to explain. The paragraph is this:

"I have one house containing 400 birds, all in one flock, and they have not been out of doors for two months; 300 of them are pullets, 100 roosters, and October chickens. The eggs from the 300 have sold for enough to feed the 400 for the past three months, and leave me a net profit of \$10 for every week. I started with small flocks, but find I can do better with large. My smallest flock this winter is 120 birds, and the per cent. of profit is smaller than with the larger flocks."

She says that it is laid down in the best hen authority, that a pullet will do well which commences to lay when five months old. Under this rule an October chicken will do well to commence to lay now, and if so, how can Mr. Hayden get such a large number of eggs for the past

three months? She says she can't do it, and doesn't want to be beat. Will Mr. Hayden explain?

## POOL SELLING.

If there is any "agricultural" society in Connecticut whose prosperity depends upon pool selling or other form of gambling, the quicker its career is ended the better. So says brother Parsons of the Connecticut Farmer and he is entirely correct, and the statement will hold true in every other state or country. Gambling is not founded upon justice, and justice is the only sure foundation for success anywhere and at any time.—N. E. Farmer.

In Germany, as well as in England, geese are held in the same estimation for the table as the turkey with us. At the station of New Trebbin, northeast of Berlin, on the road to Stettin, no fewer than 280,000 geese were delivered during August and September, to be fed up on the marshes of the Oder, where single farms take charge of as many as 10,000. Most of the geese are allowed to run on stubble fields about six weeks, and are then penned up for three weeks of high corn-feeding for the market. Two-thirds of the supply comes from Russia, but the flesh of these is not so tender as those raised in Germany, and is paid for them—usually 90 to 75 cents each.

A third edition of the catalogue of abandoned or partly abandoned farms in Massachusetts has been issued. Forty-four more farms are added and 22 withdrawn from sale. From the first, 51 have been sold and 383 remain to be disposed of. The prices of those sold ranged from \$250 to \$5,000, averaging \$1,480. The average size of all was about 86 acres. Nearly all sold were purchased for farming purposes by Americans, several of whom had returned to New England from the South and West.

A novel sort of punishment for default in tax-paying has been decreed by the authorities of Falkenstein, Saxony. The names of delinquents are sent to every purveyor of drink, and these are forbidden to supply any of the persons on the list under penalty of 100 marks fine and a week's imprisonment. This is a distinctly German measure, and it will have its due effect there.

One can learn from books and papers a hundred times as much as he can gather up in his whole life from personal observation and experience. He who enjoys good reading need not be lonesome; need



months. She was a loving and affection-

ly has won the affection of that particular fly," said her mother.

ance of the occasion. Mr. Stanton especially could not understand and never

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## Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.  
MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

BY MARION.

You ask me why I live in the past, sister dear,  
Why I weep o'er the days that have flown?  
You ask why in the bright present hours  
I dream of the past, and in dreaming I make that dawn?  
'Tis because of the memories of the sad past,  
Memories dear to your heart and mine;  
Memories of sweet days, all too bright long  
to last;  
'Tis because of these thoughts I repine.

Looking back on the past, I can see our old home,  
In days of my childhood and mother,  
Ever out from that sheltering place did  
I roam;  
How happy that sister and brother.

O, we were joyful, affectionate children then,  
House and garden resounded with mirth,  
All of sorrow and pain were beyond child-  
hood's ken.  
There was no spot so dear on this earth.

I go back to it now! What a wreck I see  
There!  
The house falling, and covered with moss,  
And the garden, once made gay by dear  
mother's care,  
Rocks and weeds only speak our great loss.

Now I turn weary feet to the churchyard near by,  
The last resting place of our mother,  
And from thence to my labor I turn with a  
sigh,  
I visit each sister and brother.

New surroundings, new loves! Ah! what  
changes find  
I roam seeking sister or brother,  
Sorely you understand, now I've opened my  
mind.  
My heartaches for loved ones and mother.

Then I think of that beautiful home up above,  
My own angel mother waiting there,  
And I hear you all up on the wings of my  
love,  
On an earnest, tho' tear-stained prayer.

O, my Father Divine, grant that these dear  
ones sweet,  
Father, brothers and sisters, dear Lord!  
Earth being passed, may an unbroken num-  
ber all meet  
In the beautiful home of our God.

## Our Story Teller.

## A MIDNIGHT MYSTERY.

In a cheerful apartment on the sixth floor of New York tenement one cold, bleak November night sat a young woman, whose face bore evident marks of intelligence and refinement.

Two small rooms comprised the narrow domain to which she gave the name of home. Their cheerfulness was increased by the absence of everything except the most necessary furniture and by the wailing wind, which found entrance at a hundred crevices, sending icy currents across the floor and through the young woman, crouching close to the dying fire of a small stove, was lost in reflections from which she roused herself at intervals to glance at a little clock, wherein lay an infant, all unconscious of his mother's anxiety and distress. Her husband, Robert Desmond, the second son of an English nobleman, had fallen in love with Victoria St. Clair, the pretty and intelligent American governess of his younger sister, and married her in opposition to the wishes of his family. The English aristocracy look with much disfavor on mesalliances of this kind.

Soon after their marriage the regiment in which he was serving was ordered to India. The young man resigned his commission, and untrained as he was in any business or profession, found himself at 25 thrown on the world without a penny and with a young wife dependent on his father, a prudent but generous man, had disinherited him, but offered his son a sum sufficient, if properly invested, to maintain him in comfort for life, saying that all further intercourse between them must cease.

This money was accepted. The young couple went to Paris, where he plunged into the most luxurious life of that gay city. Though a man of generous impulses and a loyal and affectionate husband, Robert had no aptitude for business or for gambling. His little capital was soon lost at the card table. By the sale of Victoria's jewels and some money she had prudently saved, they were able to accumulate little more than enough to pay their passage to New York.

After weeks spent in the futile efforts to obtain work, the little family, which had been increased by the birth of a daughter, drifted from moderately comfortable lodgings to a cheap tenement house. Their little capital, gradually diminishing, was now gone.

For several weeks it had been Robert's regular practice to leave their poor quarters at nightfall, without telling his wife where he went or at what hour he would return, and reappear in the early morning. He evaded her questions or only answered in monosyllables.

Night after night she kept awake by anxious fears and suspicions. If she could but know his destination, comprehend his work; but not being able to fathom the mystery her imagination pictured the near approach of even greater misfortunes than those to which she was already accustomed. It was plain that her husband's work was laborious, for although he never referred to it, he came home every morning completely exhausted. He grew daily more taciturn, careworn and morbid. If she was wondered that Victoria suffered all the torture and anguish that such a condition of affairs can bring to a sensitive woman?

The child, turning uneasily in its little crib, began to cry. Victoria took the cup from the stove and gave its contents to the baby. It was the last drop of milk, the last morsel of food she had. What grief wrung the mother's heart as she tried to soothe and comfort the little one, uncertain that she would be able to procure sufficient food to keep it alive.

Toward morning Robert returned, evidently very tired, and was surprised to find his wife awake. Throwing himself on the floor near the wall he was soon fast asleep. For some moments Victoria gazed at him through her tears, mentally asking if this was the man who had charmed her girlish fancy and won her young heart with promises of a bright future?

At length, from sheer exhaustion, she sank on the dilapidated lounge near her baby's crib, and her weary eyes soon closed. For three hours she slept soundly. Awakening unfreshed she was conscious of a sickening feeling of faintness, the cause of which she knew too well, and then came the dull misery of remembering that there was no money to buy provisions for breakfast.

It had been Robert's custom to give her a little money every week which she had accepted in silence, neither asking for it nor questioning its source; but the last supply had been spent the day before, and it was too soon to expect another. She had tried to eke out their scanty income by sewing for a clothing manufacturer, but even his laborious and wretchedly paid employment had almost failed her, as it was a dull season, and the little work she had on hand could not be finished for several days.

The clock in a neighboring steeple had just struck 9, when, in answer to a knock at the door, a letter was handed her addressed to "Robert Desmond, Esq."

It bore the London postmark and the family coat-of-arms; recognizing the handwriting of Robert's father she placed the letter on the table where her husband could find it when he awoke, then busied herself for a time about the poor apartment trying to make it seem a trifle less

comfortless, before turning again to her sewing.

After a short interval she was again summoned to the door, where she found a man in soiled clothes, with which his dirty face and unkempt hair were in keeping.

"Does Robert Desmond live here?" he asked abruptly.

"He does," replied Victoria.

"Well, give him this, and don't forget it, for it's important," and the rough visitor quickly disappeared down the rickety stairs.

Victoria's curiosity was aroused.

Wonderingly she unfolded the soiled scrap of paper and read these words:

"To-night, at 11 o'clock." Laying the note beside the letter, she quietly resumed her work without disturbing Robert, who still slept soundly.

Her suspicions of his associates were confirmed. What repulsive companions he must have if the man who brought the note was one of them. Toward evening Robert awoke. He found in his pockets a few cents which he gave to Victoria to buy food with. After they had broken their fast she alluded to the note, which Robert said he had read. When she ventured to speak of the letter from London he said: "I shall not open it for me. I don't trouble an annoyance now and do not intend to be further harassed by reading a sermon." That night he went away earlier than usual.

Victoria, again left alone, reflected still more on his mysterious occupation.

She longed to follow him, but could not leave her child, and even if she could what good would come of playing the spy? Sooner or later the truth must come out. She had desired and dreaded its disclosure. The fear that it would bring disgrace and sorrow increased.

She took up the letter from the earl and looked at the envelope with some curiosity. Why not open it? No! Robert had broken all family ties for her; there could be no good news or loving message in the letter for either of them, or for their child. She replaced it on the table without breaking the seal.

Victoria retired early that night, for prolonged anxiety and hard, unaccustomed work had completely exhausted her. She awoke at daybreak to find that her husband had not returned. Terrible fears crowded on her mind, and a deeper dread oppressed her when she opened the door and entered the room, his hand bandaged, his clothes torn and spattered with mud, and a look of despair on his once handsome face. He did not greet Victoria or the child, but sank on the cot and closed his eyes. She went to him, and when she saw his face, she knew that he was dead.

Victoria asked no questions, feeling it would only distress him. Opening his eyes and said: "Victoria, do not admit any one into this room. I must sleep undisturbed. Do not be anxious on my account, nor save any food for me, but bandage my hand and I will try to sleep again."

When she went to make her few purchases at the store she heard reports of a daring burglary that had been committed the night before. One of the robbers had been killed and another wounded in the arm. The police had the clue, but could not arrest all who were concerned in the crime. She bought a newspaper and began reading the details on her way home. Fear and anxiety almost overwhelmed her.

Robert was still sleeping when she entered the room, and she saw that he was yet arrested, but how long would it be before their home might be invaded by officers of the law? Seating herself by the window she continued to read the details of the burglary, her eyes fixed on the clue, but her heart beating painfully. Her head in a whirl. The words seemed to dance up and down the page as she read that one of the robbers had been wounded in the left arm. It was Robert's left arm, and she had bandaged it.

The criminal followed, in which Victoria was sure she recognized her husband. The police were said to be on the trail, and it was predicted that within twenty-four hours all the burglars would be in custody.

A knock at the door made the poor women tremble so violently that she could not respond; she pressed her hand to her heart; her limbs almost refused to support her. The knocking was repeated, but she dared not open the door, and opening the door, she encountered a middle-aged man of gentlemanly appearance. Victoria felt sure that he was a detective.

"Mr. Desmond at home?" he asked.

"He is not," answered Victoria coldly.

"Can you tell me when or where I will find him?"

"I cannot," replied the wife. "Will you not leave my message with me?"

"That I cannot do so. My business is of a private nature. I will call again."

He turned away. Victoria listened breathlessly until he reached the foot of the stairs, then she turned frantically to the crib and clasped her arms about her baby. "Better, far better, for me to die now and be beyond all the crime and suffering and punishment of this world." Then she thought of awakening and warning Robert. It was the most anxious moment Victoria had ever spent in that garret room.

Overcome by the strain she sank to the floor in a swoon. When she awoke she was surprised to find her husband gone. For the moment she thought only of him and was glad that their humble lodgings would not be the scene of his arrest; she longed never again to be able to think or act for herself. Her glance happened to rest on her sleeping baby's face, and a revulsion of feeling swept over her. "I must be brave for the child's sake," she murmured.

Another knock at the door startled her. She opened it to find standing there the same man who had asked for her husband a few hours before.

"Mr. Desmond at home now?" he asked anxiously.

"He is not," replied Victoria.

"You are his wife, are you not?"

"I am."

"I came from B-Brothers," he continued, naming one of the largest banking houses in the city. "Quite a sum of money has been deposited in our London house to your husband's credit, and we would like to have him call at the office. This is our address," handing her a card.

"Please request your husband to come during banking hours, and as soon as possible."

The stranger bowed and retired.

Victoria hardly knew whether she was awaking or dreaming. The earl must have sent money, she thought; but it was "too late, now," she passionately cried.

Snatching the letter from the mantel she broke open the seal and read as follows:

Through my banker I send you £1,000. More will follow should it be impossible for you to make suitable business connections with the first installment. I have brought misfortune and disgrace upon wife and child by indulging your passion for gambling. But I have the feelings of a father and have not lost sight of you. I have heard of your energy and self-denial, your honesty and pride. Work is no disgrace, not even the kind that you do. I hope you will profit by your experience, now you see that others must bear the consequence of your recklessness and extravagance. Your wife and child have had to suffer keenly for your folly.

"Too late," sobbed Victoria; "this help will be of no use to me now." Then the

thought came to her, "Robert will not have means to escape." He had not yet been home. Perhaps he had left the city and was wandering about, lonely, hungry, cold, without shelter or money, and yet with \$5,000 at his disposal if he but knew it. The contrast with their poverty made the sum seem greater.

Once more a visitor's summons interrupted Victoria's thoughts; she opened the door mechanically, but retreated when she saw before her the man who had left that mysterious letter for Robert a few days before.

"Is Bob in?" he inquired.

"No," answered Victoria, "he has gone away. What do you want?"

"How is his hand?"

"It is better, I think."

"Oh, well, then he's ready for work again, isn't he? We are short of help just now, and the boss told me to come around and ask how he was."

Grasping the man by the arm she said excitedly, almost fiercely, "Who is the boss? What does he want?"

"No," answered Victoria, "I let him boss me. Why, the boss of the sweeping gang? Bob and me works in the street-cleaning department. Didn't you know that?"

"Come in and sit down," Victoria continued eagerly. "Tell me how all this happened to my husband."

"We got one of them new fangled sweep machines which is drawn by horses. Last night one of the horses stumbled, became frightened and jumped in among the men, and swept them all over the place. Your husband seized the horse by the head, but he didn't let go. He's a plucky dog, he is. Then others came up to help manage the brute. The overseer won't send out that horse any more. Of course Desmond gets his allowance for sickness because he was hurt while at work. Our superintendent promises that he shall have an office job. He writes me a heap of schoolin', for he must be a clerk or something. I don't know the job some day. We won't mind his good luck. We all like Bob; he's a good fellow, only too proud for us. Well, I must go now. Good-by, mum."

Victoria offered her hand to the man in perfect confidence and escorted him to the door; then she turned to the crib. She felt impelled to press the child to her heart. But the strain had been too great. Her limbs failed to support her and she fell fainting on the floor.

When Victoria recovered consciousness she found herself in Robert's arms. Instinctively he drew her closer to him as the thought flashed through his mind that this distress was probably due to the concealment of his whereabouts.

Between her sobs the wife confessed all her fears, anxieties and wretched suspicions. Robert in turn explained his reluctance to inform her of his occupation, his desire to support his family, and that work more suited to his birth and education would soon offer; but day after day passed, and no chance for a better position presented itself. His clothes grew shabby, and his entire appearance was repulsive.

"And yet to tell you," Robert said, "that I was a street cleaner would have humiliated and distressed me even more than the mental occupation itself. This suffering has taught me many things, and I have learned to be content with my lot. I have suitable business connections. Although father has forgiven me and is so generous, I shall not have him support us. With the money we have now we can establish some business, and will have a new life before us."

"Can you forgive me for doubting you?" said Victoria, looking into his face, "for being so wanting in faith as to suppose you were a—?"

"I am not a—," he cried, lifting his baby on his lap and drawing his wife closer in a fervent embrace.

## For the Maine Farmer.

## HOW JIM BECAME AN ENGINEER.

BY "SHORTY."

The scene is in a little Pennsylvania village which we will call Greensville. In a little cottage sits a small pale faced boy, and he is crying bitterly. A knock at the door; suddenly her face lights up with an expression of delight as a light footstep sounds on the porch steps. The door opens and a boyish figure springs into the room; his mother—for he is a mother—rushes to him, and he is crying, lifting his baby on his lap and drawing his wife closer in a fervent embrace.

When General Grant was in Ireland in 1879, on his tour around the world, Mr. J. A. O'Shea was in his train as a newspaper correspondent. On the way from Dublin to Derry the cars stopped at Portadown, and Mr. O'Shea stepped into the refreshment room for something to eat. He was nibbling a sandwich and chatting with the barmaid, when a voice at his left quietly demanded a glass of lemonade and a biscuit. The voice belonged to General Grant.

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"What is he like? I suppose he is a fine-looking man. Do you know when he will pass? If you are here will you point him out to us?"—this all in a breath.

I should be happy to oblige, but I am leaving by the next train."

The general all this time "munched his biscuit and sipped his lemonade, his face as impassive as an Italian image," and the hero-worshipping barmaid was none the wiser.

## BLACK BUCK HUNTING IN INDIA.

The black buck of India is a very graceful animal, weighing between thirty and fifty pounds. The hide of the male, which is black, is very soft and pliable, and the back, while the belly is as white as snow; the contrast being very striking. The horns are black and spiral in shape, and in length average about eighteen inches, although they have been known to reach twenty-six inches. The animals are usually found in herds, and are difficult to approach on foot, as the bucks toss their heads into the air from time to time in a very graceful manner, and some of them are almost sure to detect any attempt at stalking. They are at times hunted on horseback, but the usual method in many sections is to use a conveyance very much like the back of a house, only shorter, and made of wood. This is on wheels, is drawn by bullocks, and is called a jungle cart. It is very close to the ground, and from both sides project flat pieces of wood, upon which the feet rest. The inside is hollow and holds ammunition and luncheon. It is believed that they take the queer little wooden arrangement on wheels for a plow, and consequently are not much alarmed as it draws nearer them, in ever-decreasing circles. The bullocks move at the word of command, and are accompanied by a shikaree or a

native hunter. The bucks never seem to fear the inhabitants, doubtless having learned they are without guns, and therefore not to be dreaded.—St. Nicholas.

## PATHOS OF LAUGHTER.

Different Natures that Have Their Peculiar Features.

There are a few worn-out traditions in this world of ours which it is almost time to discard. One of them is that a merry careless manner can only belong to a shallow mind, and a demure one always covers depth of thought and feeling, says a writer in Harper's Bazar.

There is never a greater mistake. A quiet demeanor may be quiet because nothing rages underneath to disturb its smooth serenity. And an unconcerned bearing is often a cloak to conceal real passions and currents. Sometimes "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh"—not.

There are people—perhaps not many, but there are some—to whom it is actually painful to reveal their inward enthusiasm. This may be owing to disposition or to education, perhaps to both. And to such the assumption of an indifferent or a lively manner may offer the best protection to their real self.

In their dread of having this real self discovered, they will often turn the disguise into a caricature, exaggerating the laughter, and making the foolish speeches more reckless, doing violence in every way to the emotions they are striving to cover.

There are such natures. Sometimes they go through life without unmasking. Sometimes "shut in" they find their only growth toward the light which comes from above. Sometimes they reveal themselves to one or two souls, and are content with that much of sympathy and appreciation. To the world they show ever the same smiling front, and perhaps go down to the grave misunderstood by their nearest friends.

And it sometimes comes to men or women who possess natures like this—such a nature a blessing or a curse?—it sometimes happens that, while their hearts are torn with anguish and their eyes are dimmed with tears, their laughter becomes the lightest and their words the wittiest. No one perceives the tears under such laughter. Yet, perhaps, they are contented. And none can say such natures are impossible. Some people have them.

What is lacking is truth and confidence. If there were absolute truth on the one hand and absolute confidence on the other, it wouldn't be necessary for the makers of Dr. Sarsaparilla Remedy to back up a plain statement of fact by a \$500 guarantee. They say—"If we can't cure you (make it personal, please), of your skin disease in any form or stage, we'll pay you \$500 for your trouble in making the trial." An advertising fake, you say. Funny, isn't it, how some people prefer sickness to health when the remedy is positive and the guarantee absolute. Wise men don't put money back of "fakes." And "faking" doesn't pay.

Magical little granules—those tiny, sugar-coated pellets of Dr. Pierce's—scarcely larger than mustard seeds, yet powerful to cure—active yet mild in operation. The best Liver Pill ever invented. Cure sick headache, dizziness, constipation. One a dose.

After the grip, when you are weak and "played out," Sarsaparilla will restore your health and strength.

"Plenty trotter de-hoss—lets say to boom ze agueville pinner for ze women, plenty love storie for ze women," says an old Canuck neighbor. He knows!

Derangement of the liver, with constipation, injures the complexion, induces pimples, scaling skin. Remove the cause by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Try them.

It is quite probable that you may need the services of a physician some day; but you can postpone the time indefinitely by keeping your blood pure and your system invigorated through the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Prevention is better than cure.

A traveler, whom we will call Smith, once stopped at one of the "first-class" hotels in one of our Southern cities. At the breakfast table he gave an elaborate order to the waiter, and included in it "two soft boiled eggs." Sambo went off to the kitchen, but soon returned and asked:

"Mars Boss, did you want dem eggs scrambled?"

"No," said Smith, "I want them soft boiled."

"All right, sar," and off he trotted again. In a few moments he loomed in again, and remarked in a most persuasive tone:

"Mars Boss, you better have dem eggs scrambled."

"What the d—l do you mean?" roared Smith.

"Well," said Sambo, "Mars Boss, I'll tell you. Your eggs is fresh, and dey'll look better scrambled."

Smith cancelled the order for the fruit in toto.

WANTED TO SEE GRANT.

## But She Did Not Know He Was Right in Front

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## Another Aged Person

Tests the healing waters of Leon's famous fountain and is cured. He says he considers Leon's Sarsaparilla the Greatest Remedy on Earth.

Inflammation of the Bladder, Prostate Gland permanently cured.

We are in receipt of the following letter from Mr. H. N. Woodcock, a well-known and prominent citizen of Waldo County, Me.

Gentlemen:—For the benefit of suffering humanity I deem it my duty to say that for many years I have been troubled with inflammation of the Neck of the Bladder and Enlargement of the Prostate Gland, occasioning frequent passing of water, and at times a frequent desire to urinate. My diseases, with broken rest and age, seemed to be working together to drive me to my death. I tried our most prominent local physicians and many different medicines, but without success. I have, however, Three bottles of Leon's Sarsaparilla completely cured me, and I am now, at the age of 76 years, well and vigorous. I can only say that Leon's Sarsaparilla is the greatest remedy on earth.

H. N. WOODCOCK.

EACH BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

## Old Time Methods of treating Colds and Coughs were based on the idea of suppression. We now know that "feeding a cold" is good doctrine.

## Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil with hypophosphates, a rich fat-food, cures the most stubborn cough when ordinary medicines have failed. Pleasant to take; easy to digest.

Prepared by Scott & Borne, N. Y.

"I take Allen's Sarsaparilla."

A GLEAM COMPLEXION

is a joy forever, but pimples and blotches ruin the most beautiful countenance. Miss Josie Wilson, of So. Walpole, Mass., had a severe case of Eczema, which covered her face with red blotches and pimples. She tried in vain for a number of years to find a remedy, and was on the point of despair when she began to take

Allen's Sarsaparilla. Two bottles have given her a new complexion and entirely removed the humor.

Allen's Sarsaparilla Co., Woodford, Me.

Annual Statement UNITED STATES BRANCH

North British & Mercantile INSURANCE COMPANY

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH, January 1st, 1893.

Incorporated in 1860. Commenced Business in U. S. in 1866.

54 William St., New York City.

SAM. P. BLAUGDEN, Manager.

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1892.

Real Estate owned by the Company, unimproved, \$465,360.84

Stocks and bonds owned by the Company, \$412,061.00

Com in the Company's preferred stock, \$111,743.10

Interest due and accrued, \$48,055.00

Premiums in due course of collection, \$397,022.36

Other admitted assets, \$17,802.25



## Horse Department.

Now is the time to advertise for service, and these columns the very best medium possible. Send along your ad and secure the business which is surely in the market. This is to be the horse page, and therefore the place for horse ads. Let them come, and the results will be mutually helpful.

Mr. Sidney Stevens, Readfield, writes that he has prepared a list of several hundred names for horses outside of those already in use. Such a list ought to be of value to breeders and those desirous of securing assistance in naming their youngsters will do well to write to Mr. Stevens.

Don't forget that the State Agricultural Society offers stables for pacers as well as trotters this year, and for one, two, three and four-year-olds. These are new departures, and a recognition of the pacer interests. Send to the Secretary, G. M. Twitchell, Augusta, Me., for blanks and all particulars. These stakes close April 1, and there should be a running list of entries. Let us have the colts out in force this year.

If your speedy stud of fashionable black finish, soundness and iron constitution infuse a goodly portion of Morgan blood. The pendulum is surely swinging back towards the more complete animal for the breeders to seek after. For talk as we may, a 2:10 horse may not be a sire of good, serviceable roadsters, while a 2:30 horse may excel in that line. There are race horses, roadsters and draft horses, but it is hard to combine two types in one animal, or to find extra size accompanied by a corresponding amount of nervous force.

Years ago a secretive sort of man secured a very green horse with speed enough to beat the best ones of his day. The owner came to Dan Mace and divulged the secret of a very fast private trial. "Is that all he can do?" remarked the wizard of the sulky. "Isn't it?" inquired the owner. "No, sir. He must get to whips flying, spokes rattling, drums beating and crowds holding before you can play him to win." Something more than breeding, oats, hay and pasture are called for. The horse must be educated and in brain capacity and the power to use it lies the secret of success.

When your horse shies at anything, make him acquainted with it. Let him smell it, touch it with his sensitive upper lip, and look closely at it. Remember, too, that you must familiarize both sides of him with the dreaded object. If he only examines it with the near nostril and eye he will be very likely to scare at it when it appears on his off side. So, then, rattle your paper, beat your base drum, flutter your umbrellas, run your hay carriage and your bicycle, fire your pistol, and clatter your tinware on both sides of him, and all around him, until he comes to regard the noise simply as a nuisance, and the material objects only as trivial things liable to get hurt if they are in his way. He will not learn all that in one lesson, but continue the lesson patiently, and you will cure all his nervousness.

It is a singular fact farmers should be so careless in the adjustment of harness. If it will only stay on the horse, that, apparently, is all that is considered necessary. On many farms the horses are compelled to work with shoulders galled and backs that are raw from an ill-fitting harness, a most lamentable fact. Sometimes during a moment of sympathetic interest, the farmer will rub some grease or other liniment into the sore. But the next morning the same harness, without alteration, goes back on the team. Now, can this be careless, or indifference? No. Then again in buying a collar, for instance, many are of the honest belief that if they can get the collar over the horse's head that it is all that is necessary to consider in the matter. But even sometimes when they would slip over the head with perfect ease, they were a source of continual torture to the poor beast. There is room for considerable improvement in this direction. When you hitch up the team make sure the harness fits the horse—don't try to fit the horse to the harness.

One of the phenomenal colts of '92 was the filly Leone, a yearling which obtained a race record in 2:28½. She was by the youngest son of Green Mountain Maid, Lancelot, and her dam was by Nutwood. She started first at Mexico, Mo., August 1, and got second money, winning the second heat in 2:51½, while Little Pan won the first and third in 2:53½, and 2:50½. She then won five successive races, at Decatur, Springfield, Bloomington and Kankakee, Ill., and Franklin, O., and at the Chillicothe (O.) October meeting she met the Cuyler colt, Conformation, which had been sweeping all before him in the yearling stakes, and in a dash-race over the down-hill track she easily defeated him in 2:35½, trotting the last half in 1:13½, and the final quarter in 35½ seconds. Her record made at that occasion was the best yearling race record east of the Rocky Mountains, and she showed so much speed that she was started against time during the same meeting, and took a record of 2:30 flat. At Mexico, Mo., two weeks later, she won a stake race, trotting the two heats in 2:30½, 2:28½, defeating among others Little Pan, who had beaten her in her first start of the year, and Ella Woodlee, who afterward took a record of 2:29½. This performance was her best, and with a mark of 2:28½, and a record of seven straight victories, she went into winter quarters. If she retains her speed and her severe campaign does not leave its mark on her, she will be quite a prominent feature of the two-year-old stakes of the coming season.

At the last fair my colt was cut ¼ or ½ of a point in some places. Please tell me how the judge was able to decide by such fine fractions?

This is a good question, and we are glad to have it raised by our subscriber, who it strikes at the meat of the whole method of judging. In the scale of points, 100 is divided up to cover the

several parts of the animal. The figures set against these parts represent perfection. In the State Fair scale 5 points are given for a perfect neck,—that is for one which in every respect meets the ideal of the expert.

For the purposes of comparison let us make 100 the ideal, and if the neck of the individual is only ordinary—just fair—it would be entitled to fifty per cent of the whole. Or if it was well cut at the jaw, of good length and shape, but lacking at the shoulders, it might be worth three-fourths of the whole. In the first case the credit would be 2½, and in the second 3¾ points.

Taking 100 for the standard of perfection in every part the expert will be enabled to make more careful and critical divisions than would be possible if only the figures on the card were before him. Then by bringing his percentage to the card he makes the credit which is due for each part, and the sum total tells the story. One of the most thorough experts in the country does his work all by tenths, and does it thoroughly.

In this way the cut of one-fourth or one-half can easily be made, and made to tell the difference in worth between individuals.

## WARRENER.

The very fine illustration we present this week is of that popular Electioneer sire, Warrener, full brother to Sunol 2:08½, by Electioneer, dam Waxana by Gen. Benton, owned by Messrs. B. F. & F. H. Briggs, Auburn. As one of the coming sires of Maine, representing the greatest speed producing sire living or dead, his dam coming from another great family of producers, this stallion stands to-day before the public as an individual of excellent qualities, and commands a large share of attention from lovers of the horse.

Several years ago, when Maple Grove Farm was established, Mr. F. H. Briggs went out in search of a stallion to place at the head. Instead of buying into the family towards which his fancy turned, he secured a son of the then almost unknown Red Wilkes, and brought back Messenger Wilkes. It was not chance, but good business sagacity which led to this purchase. He has size, substance and abundance of energy, with propelling power sufficient to land him under the wire in 2:23 in a manner which indicated that he had a good reserve left for a future emergency. Not only this, but he has the power to transmit all these qualities in a marked degree, so that his colts, from all sorts of mares, show the characteristics of their sire.

Below are some of the records made by his colts:

YEARLINGS.	Half mile.	1 mile.
Palm.	1:29	3:12
Nattie Wilkes.	1:37	3:27
Granadier.	1:28½	2:48½
Nalla.	1:27	2:48
Boris Wilkes.	1:29½	3:12
TWO-YEAR-OLDS.		
Palm.	2:33	
Nattie Wilkes.	2:42½	
Granadier.	2:40	
THREE-YEAR-OLDS.		
Palm.	2:28½	
Nattie Wilkes.	2:40½	
Moranda.	2:55	
Lola Wilkes.	2:50½	
FOUR-YEAR-OLDS.		
Gene Briggs.	2:38	
Narka.	2:29	
Jim Gray.	2:52	

This gives three in the 2:30 list, which for a nine-year-old is a good showing.

The second purchase was Rockefeller by Electioneer, dam by Clark Chief. This horse was secured before the Electioneer boom struck with such tremendous power, and again was wisdom shown in the purchase, the horse having proved a successful sire. He is not as large as Messenger Wilkes, but is said to strongly resemble his sire. Among the fastest of his colts trained thus far are Graneta 1:30½ half mile, 3:09½ mile, and McAlroy 1:36 half mile, as yearlings; Graneta 2:59½, Easter Maid 2:53½, and Calcutti 2:57½, as two-year-olds, and Easter Maid 2:45, Calcutti 2:33, Graneta 2:42½, and Rose Marie 2:43 as three-year-olds. Graneta, the only one trained as a four-year-old, took a record in 2:25½ over the half mile track at Lewiston, during the State Fair, in a race.

The demand being urgent for Red Wilkes stock, a third horse was purchased, in Ben V. 2:29½, a full brother to Messenger Wilkes. Later, when on a trip to California, Mr. F. H. Briggs visited Palo Alto, and after a critical examination of the stock, purchased the subject of our fine illustration. This horse has never been trained for speed, but his colts have that gliding motion peculiar to the Electioneers, which insures fast trotters. The oldest of his get are coming two this season. As a yearling, Royce took a race record of 2:48½, and was defeated but once. In that race, time separately, he trotted a full mile in 2:40. As a two-year-old this is developing into a great colt, and with Oceana should enter the 2:30 list this year.

Warner is a strongly built horse of good conformation, possessing the Electioneer type in a marked degree, and mated with good mares will give what is called for to-day. At the breeders' sale, last week, a Warrener filly, two the coming season, dam by Winthrop Morrill, brought the highest price paid for any animal, \$400. Her action and style provoked enthusiasm as she trotted around the miniature track.

With these producing sires, representing what is to-day, and is to be the two popular strains in America, with good business management in every detail, with a good class of brood mares and a kindergarten track, with pluck and energy, Maple Grove Farm has won an enviable position among the breeding establishments of New England, and to-day has a bright future before it. One of the one endeavor is to grow the horse in all possible perfection, meeting the demand of the hour for choice drivers, safe, sound, intelligent and courageous as well as fast, so long will the position of Maple Grove Farm be firmly established, for upon this broad basis is the industry to be conducted in coming years.

## GOOD GROWTH.

Editor of Maine Farmer: I see in your valuable paper the different methods of raising colts, and the growth that they make. I have a grade Percheron colt that I call a pretty good one; he is 10

months old, and weighed the 5th of February 1000 lbs. He was sired by the Percheron horse Janique, imported by W. S. Edminster, East Knox, Me., and the dam was a Province mare, breeding unknown. My method of raising the above colt was as follows:

As soon as I took him from the mare I taught him to drink skim milk, and then commenced to give him one 1 qt. of shorts at night, and as soon as he would eat these I gave him 1 qt. in the morning. When about 5 months old I gave him 1 qt. of oats at noon, and this ration I continued until nine months old. At this time, Jan. 31st, his weight was 800 lbs. Then I increased to 1½ qts. of shorts night and morning, and 1½ qts. of oats at noon; this, with the skim milk and a little hay three times a day, has been his ration up to the present time. I weighed him Feb. 5th and he weighed 1000 lbs. I call this a large growth, 110 lbs. in 36 days. The colt stands 14-3, color very dark stone gray, almost black; is nimble and very active for so heavy a colt.

## HOW SHALL WE JUDGE?

One of our most intelligent subscribers writes as follows:

"I have been watching with interest the pros and cons of the judging question, because I have had good reason to be dissatisfied with the average committee. At the same time there seems to be imperfections in the application of the score card. We want to make a change, and of course desire the best that is possible."

While we have been led to fully endorse the score card system of judging as the ideal, it must not for a moment be considered that any such position has been reached. As compared with committee work the results already secured prove it to be far superior, but the full benefits have not been realized, simply because we have not broken entirely from old conceptions of methods and practices.

Wherever the committee system prevails the defeated ones have the opportunity to charge favoritism. Whether justly or not, this is the charge raised, until, in many sections, it is well nigh impossible to secure the class of individuals desired. It requires considerable moral courage, in the several classes where competition is sharp, to give the blue ribbon to horses and colts owned by a single individual, even on account of superior merit. Because the reasons are not made public, men naturally shrink from doing their duty, through fear of criticism.

Of course if a man competes in every class and each individual is superior to all others, he should have the awards. Thus we have seen the blue ribbon for four, three and two year-olds go to a single stable. Of course the owner had means, else he could not have held and fitted so large a number, and the defeated ones charged openly that the man won the awards, and gross favoritism ruled the committee.

To the unprejudiced observer, the ribbons in every case went where they rightfully belonged, but since that time men have refused to exhibit on those grounds, because, as they charge, "there was fraud in those awards." Had the score card been used, even as imperfectly as it is to-day, such a condition would be impossible, because the detailed score of each individual would be where it could be examined by all parties interested and errors corrected.

No one who has candidly watched the course of events in the show ring, under the old and new methods of awarding prizes, will deny that the score, publicly made, is far in advance of the work done by committees. If no better judgment is secured in placing awards, there is this decided advantage, that the score card educates by giving the defects in every portion of the animal, where the committee work was always by the lump.

Under the score card, breeders are helped to a better appreciation of their animals by parts, so that in breeding the weaker spots may be strengthened. In the work of the committee this is impossible, and this is justification enough for any society to adopt the scale of points for each class of stock, and have the awards made thereby. The scale, score card and blackboard are to be the reliance of the societies, and the greatest aids to the breeders in the exhibitions of the future, and experience will indicate the best method of reaching the ideal position.

## Poultry Department.

## A GOOD RECORD.

Reading what others have had to say, through the Farmer, about the large doings of their flocks of hens, this zero weather, I think mine, although not claiming the highest rank, have done better than the average. I began the winter with fifty-five pullets, and eight old hens. The old ones have all died but two. This has been my experience in trying to winter old hens. The remaining flock have averaged two dozen of eggs a day since the first of December, the prices received varying from thirty cents a dozen, down to twenty-one for the last lot. Their feed has been warm mash of shorts and meal, in the morning, seasoned with red pepper, and oats and barley thrown in some straw so that it kept them busy hunting for it; have fed very little corn. Their drinking water given came from a well, not heated at all. These pullets got overfat, so they did not get to laying until eight months old, it taking them nearly a month to get them in proper condition, by a liberal feed of oats. The mash being given, only burnt shell and bone was added, mixed with the mash. Have not kept debt and credit this year, but have done so long enough to know that they have paid on the farm more than they are given the credit for. E. M. T. West Woolwich.

Mr. Editor: I wish to inquire through the columns of your paper in regard to a disease that is troubling my flock of hens. They have been laying well all winter. Recently they have been afflicted with weak legs, and one or two have had sore eyes. One lays regularly,

and all of them have good appetites, after the first few hours of illness. Several will be sick at a time, yet all have recovered so far. Frequently they have a relapse. Their heads are inflamed and a discharge runs from their nose. They have been kept as warm and dry as possible under ordinary conditions. Any one advising me of the disease, its cause and remedy, will do me a great favor.

E. C. W.

The weak legs would indicate either a basement room, with ground floor, and stone walls, or a pen where there is some dampness coming through the floor. The latter stage indicates roup. This may be determined by catching the bird and noting whether the discharge is of offensive or not. The remedy lies in removing all the afflicted ones to a warm, dry pen, and then making the hen-house floor and walls dry. Clean them thoroughly, sprinkle air-slaked lime and ground plaster all around, and feed the flock remaining on oats and wheat, with chopped vegetables daily. The sick ones should have light food, like bread crumbs soaked in milk, and then squeezed dry, and their faces should be washed with a weak solution of vinegar twice a day.

**PURELY VEGETABLE.**  
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're a compound of refined and concentrated botanical extracts. These tiny, sugar-coated pellets—the smallest and the easiest to take—absolutely and permanently cure Constipation, Indigestion, Sick and Bilious Headaches, Dizziness, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels. They cure permanently, because they act naturally. They don't shock and weaken the system, like the huge, old-fashioned pills. And they're more effective. One little pellet for a corrective or laxative—three for a cathartic.

They're the cheapest pills you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You pay only for the good you get.

**DO YOU COUGH?**  
DON'T DELAY  
**KEMP'S BALM**  
THE BEST COUGH CURE  
It cures Coughs, Hoarseness, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in early stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

**Horse Owners! Try GOMBAULT'S Caustic Balsam**  
A Safe and Effective Remedy  
The safest, best blister ever used. Takes the place of all liniments for mild or severe cases. Removes all Blisters from Horses and Cattle. SUPERSEDES ALL CAUTERY OR FIRE. It is a certain cure for all cases of Blisters, whether they be on the head, neck, chest, or elsewhere. Every bottle sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by all dealers. Send for descriptive circular. BOTTLES WILLIAMSON & CO., Cleveland, O.

**THE RECORD BROKEN.**  
To be trotted September 6, 7, 8, 1893.  
Foals 1892, half-mile, 2 in 3, \$400; first payment \$400, second, \$400, third, \$120. For foals 1891, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$500; first payment \$500, second, \$500, third, \$150. For foals 1890, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1889, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1888, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1887, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1886, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1885, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1884, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1883, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1882, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1881, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1880, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1879, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1878, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1877, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1876, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1875, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1874, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1873, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. 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For foals 1862, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1861, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1860, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1859, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1858, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1857, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1856, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1855, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1854, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1853, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. 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For foals 1832, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1831, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1830, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1829, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1828, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1827, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1826, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1825, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1824, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1823, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1822, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1821, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1820, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1819, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1818, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1817, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1816, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1815, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1814, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1813, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. 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For foals 1772, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700, third, \$210. For foals 1771, mile heats, 2 in 3, \$700; first payment \$700, second, \$700



